

WITH THIEVES

Burglars on Fire-Escape at Hotel Navarre Exchange Pistol Shots with Guests and Detectives.

THEY HAD CHLOROFORM.

One of the Pair Caught, Confesses, Another Arrest Follows and Both Thought to Be Members of Gang.

The several hundred patrons of the Hotel Navarre, thirty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, were awakened at 4 o'clock this morning by a fusillade of revolver shots in the great courtyard which forms the hollow part of the big U-shaped building.

Two of three burglars who had been entering rooms on the various floors hung to the fire-escape on the south side of the courtyard, while a detective stood in a window on the east side. The burglars and the detective were exchanging shots at a lively rate when the guests reached their windows.

Immediately bullets popped from numerous windows, many of the guests taking aim at the men hanging to the fire-escape. One of the burglars is supposed to have been wounded as he dropped from one floor to another and then escaped.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away a negro, exhausted and frightened, was found in a nearby yard. He confessed that he was one of the men on the fire-escape, and in his pockets were found a bottle containing chloroform, a rag which had been saturated with the drug and some cartridges. He also told of the gang which has been robbing the hotels.

In the last six weeks several burglaries have been reported from the large hotels in the vicinity of the Navarre. William Jerome, the actor and song-writer, and his wife, reported that their room on the fifth floor of the Navarre had been entered by burglars, who used chloroform and who secured a check for \$500 and about \$300 in valuables.

Detectives in Ambush. House Detective Thomas Maxwell believed that Maxwell would return, and since then he has occupied a room on the fifth floor, the window of which overlooked the entire courtyard. For company he kept with him the night porter, William McNulty.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock this morning Maxwell saw two negroes, both very small, scale the high fence surrounding the vacant lot at the corner of Seventh avenue and Thirty-seventh street and next to the hotel. From there they used long planks to reach the roof of the second-story laundry extension of the hotel. Walking across the roof, they used another plank to reach the fire-escape which extends up the twelve stories and communicates with the rooms of many patrons.

Go Through Rooms. Maxwell watched them for several minutes. The first one entered the room on the third floor, and the second the room on the fourth floor. The first one came out of the third-floor room and went into the fifth-floor room. The second left the fourth-floor room and went to the sixth floor.

It was when he came out of the sixth-floor room that Maxwell saw the burglar from his window and fired. McNulty, who had been asleep, awoke with a scream. Frightened, he ran yelling down the corridor of the hotel, and this added to the panic started by the detective's shooting.

The man on the fire-escape, who had been armed with a revolver and shot at the burglar in Maxwell's direction. The burglar above him on the sixth-floor landing also drew a revolver, and both of them turned their fire on the detective.

A patron on the sixth floor, across the courtyard, raised his window and commenced firing at the two negroes on the fire-escape. Others did the same, and for a few moments a brisk skirmish was maintained.

Women in Flight. The hotel was soon filled with the shrieks of frightened women who fled to the corridors, shouting "murder!" and "fire!" in their night robes. The shouts were so loud and many that police rushed to the building from all directions, completely surrounding the block.

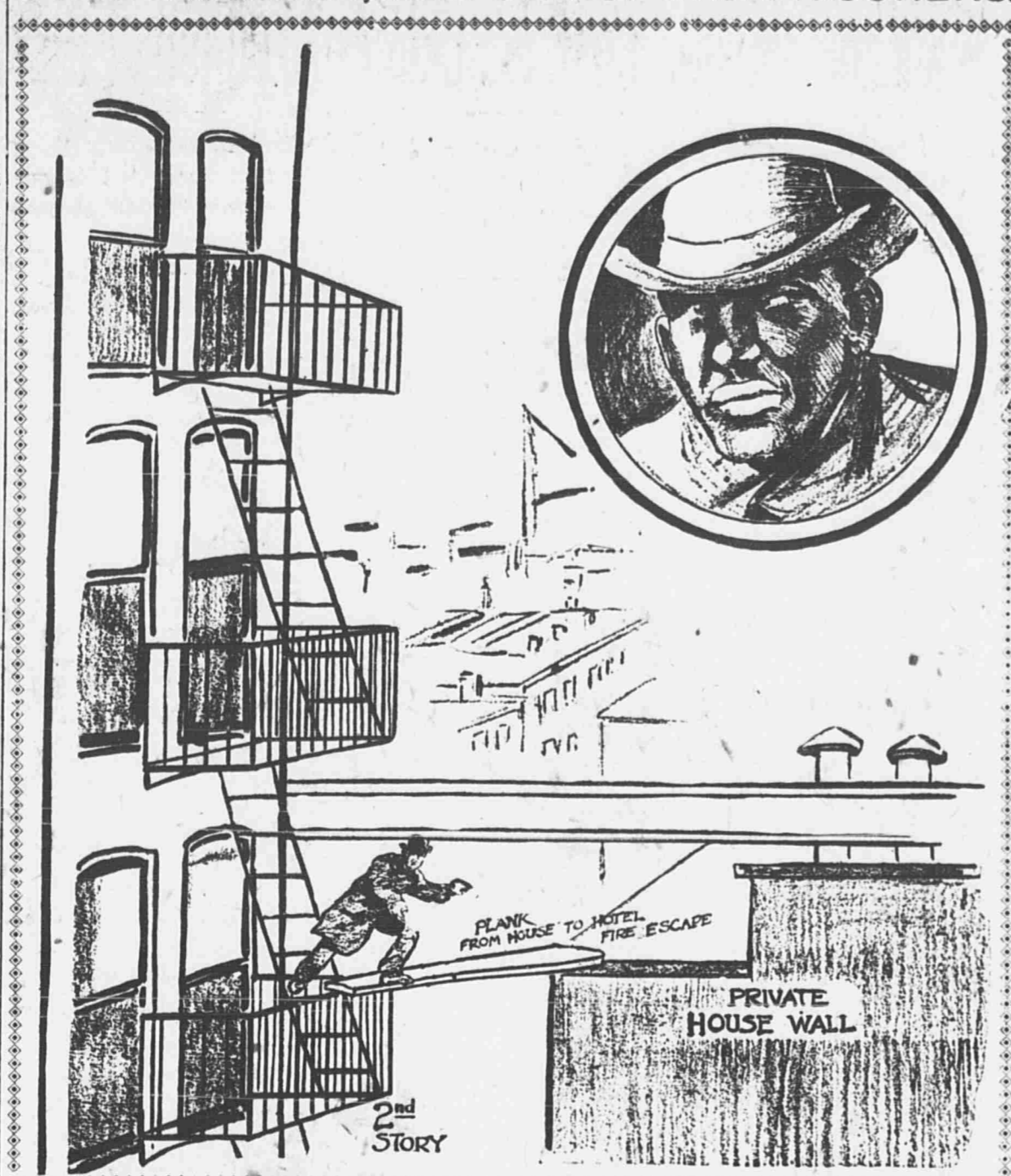
Maxwell, still in the darkness of his window, fired his last shot at the burglar on the sixth-floor landing. The burglar's revolver fell from his hand to the courtyard and the man plunged down through the hole in the platform of the escape and was stopped by the landing at the floor below.

The little fellow on the fourth floor who had been maintaining an energetic fire at the detective, pocketed his revolver, scaled the ladder to the floor above and carried his apparently wounded companion down the escape to the plank across to the roof of the laundry and then away in the darkness.

In searching the block a negro was found crouching beneath a ladder in the yard back of the house at No. 22 West Thirty-eighth street. He was completely exhausted. He confessed to the office of the hotel that he had been the burglar who had been carrying the wounded man down the ladder. He said that on reaching the ground his companion was able to walk and got away. He described himself as a nineteen-year-old, of Norfolk, Va.

Another Capture. In one pocket was found a bottle containing chloroform and a rag which had been saturated with the drug. He also had a few cartridges, but he had thrown them away. He said that he and two other negroes had been at the hotel to rob the guests, that the third man remained below as a look-out. He also confessed that he, the other two and a bell-boy of a nearby hotel had been robbing the guests.

HOW BURGLARS GAINED ACCESS TO HOTEL NAVARRE, AND ONE OF THE PRISONERS.



more than a month. The police are going to try to find out if he has used the chloroform successfully. Doctors, chemists and scientists say that a burglar can not use chloroform on a sleeping person, they contend that the first breath of the vapor will awaken the sleeper.

Murray was taken to Police Headquarters, where Capt. Titus and several of his detectives recognized him as one of two negroes arrested a few weeks ago for the larceny of a \$300 watch from the room of a guest of the Marlborough Hotel, Murray had the pawn ticket for the watch in his pocket when arrested, but was released because the guest who had been robbed had left the city.

Chief Foley and Detective Lynch, of Mount Vernon, Reiterate the Theory that No Burglar Visited Banker's House.

SAY "ALL FOOLISHNESS."

(Special to The Evening World.) MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Detective William Lynch, of the Mount Vernon Police Department, reiterated his statement this morning that Attilio P. Morosini, son of the millionaire banker, Giovanni Morosini, told him that he did not see a burglar in his home on the night of the recent disturbance, and that he did not know how he received a blow near the left eye.

"I have dropped all investigation," said Detective Lynch, "because I am confident that there was no burglar in the house. I made a careful search of the premises on the night the burglar was supposed to have been in the house, and I did not find a single door or window unlocked. There were no tracks in the snow in front of the house. I am firmly convinced that the servant girl had a nightmare and wandered in the room covered by Mrs. Morosini and her mother, and that it was her form, which is rather large, that they saw when they suddenly awoke. I believe the girl is a sleep-walker, and so do all the other officers who visited the house."

Morosini still sticks to the story that there was a burglar in the house and both Mrs. Morosini and her mother declare they saw the man and say he was bareheaded and walked on his tip.

"Who ever heard of a burglar being bareheaded and running out in the snow in his stocking-feet?" said Chief Foley to-day. "It is all foolishness. I am convinced that the burglar was none other than the servant-girl, who was wandering around. There is no mystery about it. If there was a burglar in that house he would surely have stolen the cash of jewels that was on Mrs. Morosini's dresser and which was worth a large sum."

The mysterious visitor in the Morosini house has caused considerable gossip among the neighbors on exclusive Chestnut Hill, and it is the main topic of conversation at meetings of society women.

FOUND DEAD IN AREAWAY. Le Lewski Fell in Because the Place Was Not Well Protected.

Cadous Le Lewski, a laboring man, was found dead in a deep areaway in front of No. 122 Thompson street.

On questioning Jacob Bender, who is erecting the building at that address, the police learned that the only protection for pedestrians between the sidewalk and the areaway was a row of iron stanchions.

It is believed that Le Lewski was walking along stumbling against the barrels and was killed by a car.

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his stocking feet. He had nothing to say. Detective-Sergeants Peabody and Clark and Detective Maxwell, of the Navarre, arrested Richard Johnson, colored, twenty-six years old, whom Maxwell recognized as one of the burglars. In Johnson's pockets were a number of cartridges, and the landlord of the place where he was found, in Thirty-eighth street, near Eighth avenue, said that he had come in about 6 o'clock tired and excited.

"I, myself, was a close friend of Allen's, and when he disappeared on Dec. 11, 1886, I thought, with others, that he had gone to Europe. Time and again efforts were made to locate him, all in vain. He might as well have been dead. From that date up until a few weeks ago not a soul on earth, excepting the few persons concerned in his imprisonment, knew where Vanderbilt Allen was. And he might have lived and died in the sanitarium at Westport, surrounded by lunatics, had it not been for the action of a trust company.

His Letters Intercepted. "In these six years, Allen tells me, he wrote two short letters every day to his friends, telling them of his state, but the letters evidently never got beyond the keeper's waste basket.

"I first heard where Allen was from the trust company which holds a trust of \$20,000 for my client, and it was this company that is to be thanked for freeing an honest man from a prison life. The concern had money to pay him, and, discovering that he was imprisoned on a charge of being incompetent, demanded that a commissioner be appointed.

Mr. Allen, and, discovering that he was imprisoned on a charge of being incompetent, demanded that a commissioner be appointed. The commissioner, after a long search, found Allen in the sanitarium at Westport, and he was released. Allen's relatives had him "put away" according to their affidavit, because he was an unsound mind and so far deprived of his reason and understanding as to be entirely unmanageable and unable to take care of himself and his affairs.

It is also charged that Mr. Allen had been pursued by persons who wish to injure him. The only persons who ever pursued Allen, said his counsel to-day, "were creditors to whom he owed money on a literary venture, and there was no discussion about them."

The charges do not appear to be very serious, and the only instance being mentioned when the artist "bought three or four times more materials than he needed and destroyed them."

"Fanny time," said Mr. Lexow, "if a man can't destroy expensive things he is not a man at all. If every one was committed to an asylum on such light charges 50 per cent of the population in this country would be in mad-houses."

Mr. Allen is now living quietly near Nyack, recuperating in order that he may be in better condition to demonstrate his sanity when he comes out of the asylum. He will then be shown that Vanderbilt Allen is a sane man and not a madman, as he is now called.

Even six years' life with lunatics has failed to weaken his intellect."

ALLEN WISHES TO FACE ENEMIES

His Counsel and Friend, Mr. Lexow, Denounces Relatives Who Sent Him to Live with Lunatics.

SEEKS FULL VINDICATION.

He Doesn't Wish the Proceedings Stopped and Promises Strange Developments at Hearing Before the Commission.

Ex-Senator Clarence Lexow said to-day that the experience of his client, W. S. Vanderbilt Allen, eldest great-grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, who has just been released from six years' incarceration in a madhouse, reads "like a page from medieval history."

The person responsible for Mr. Allen's imprisonment is his uncle, Eliphalet W. Sutton, a manufacturer of wire fencing at Bloomfield, N. J., with whom also co-operated Ethelinda V. Allen, the alleged crazy man's sister.

Mr. Lexow, who for many years has been a friend of Allen's, would say nothing about motives for the relatives' action, except that when on Jan. 28, the commission makes its report there may develop some curious things.

At White Plains to-day the Sheriff's Jury appointed to hear the report of three commissioners was dismissed, and rumor had it that further proceedings against Mr. Allen would be dropped. His lawyer to-day denied this and said he was anxious to have his client "examined."

"The facts in the case are," said Mr. Lexow, "that W. S. Vanderbilt Allen, a son of the Vanderbilt family, a lovely gentleman and a very capable artist, suddenly disappeared six years ago, apparently from the face of the earth."

"Here was a man in possession of his free senses, in the prime of his strength, with most powerful and influential acquaintances, spirited away from under our very noses."

"I, myself, was a close friend of Allen's, and when he disappeared on Dec. 11, 1886, I thought, with others, that he had gone to Europe. Time and again efforts were made to locate him, all in vain. He might as well have been dead. From that date up until a few weeks ago not a soul on earth, excepting the few persons concerned in his imprisonment, knew where Vanderbilt Allen was. And he might have lived and died in the sanitarium at Westport, surrounded by lunatics, had it not been for the action of a trust company."

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GLAD SHE WOULD RICH CHINESE

Bride of Henry Chuck, Who Was Miss Emily Cousins, Tells of a Romance of the Sunday-School.

HUSBAND WAS IN HER CLASS.

She Was Ambitious to Go to China as a Missionary, but Stayed at Home at Parents' Wish and Won a Husband.

Harry Chuck, a Chinaman, twenty-four years old, who owns five laundries in Brooklyn and conducts a wholesale cigar business in New York, attended the Sunday-school class of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, conducted by Miss Emily Cousins, of Bergen Beach, and now she is Mrs. Harry Chuck.

The announcement of the wedding, which occurred Nov. 15, has just been made. The bride is thirty-three years old and possessed of considerable property in her own name.

She has been teaching the Chinese in the Sunday-school two years and about that length of time Chuck has been a member of the class. Rev. James R. Edwards, of the First Baptist Church, performed the marriage ceremony at the Cousins home. In the presence of the bride's parents. The bride couple are living in a flat at No. 72 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Chuck was not at her home to-day. She was stopping with her parents in Bergen Beach, and there she talked to a reporter for The Evening World. She is small and slight of figure and rather good looking. "I can't see anything extraordinary about my marriage," she said, rather offended at the space given to the announcement in the newspapers.

"Harry Chuck is the only man I ever really loved. He is a good American in everything but his nationality. He made love to me from the first moment that he saw me when I began teaching Sunday-school in the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, two years ago."

"I agreed to marry him because I loved him. At first my parents objected, but when they found out what a nice young man he was they withdrew their objections. He comes from a good family in Canton, where his father is a tea merchant. He wears American clothes and no queue, and is a successful business man."

The Rev. Mr. Edwards said that he understood that Chuck was a most estimable young man. "He is a good Christian and belongs to the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.," he added. Mrs. Chuck used to teach Sunday-school in the Rev. Mr. Edwards' church before she went to the Washington Avenue Church. She is said to have been very anxious to go to China as a missionary, that country having a peculiar fascination for her. When she found that Chuck was a most estimable young man, she decided to stay here in this country and she yielded to the objections of her parents about going away, and instead went to the Washington Avenue Church, where Chuck and some of his fellow-Chinese were students.

Mrs. Chuck is not related to "Chuck" Connors of Chinatown.

THOMPSON GOES TO CUBA.

Not for His Health, but to Buy a Plantation.

Inspector Walter Thompson, the acrobatic head policeman of Queens Borough, who became so indignant last week when he heard that Commissioner Partridge wanted to retire him for disability that he turned handsprings and somersaults for half an hour, has gone to Cuba on a twenty days' leave of absence.

He wants it understood that it is not his health that he is making the trip. He has money to invest, and he says he thinks a sugar plantation is a good thing to have. He will be among Cubans to see what he can do. He sailed Saturday on the Ward line.

Col. Phelps Has a Relapse. Col. Sheffield Phelps, who was stricken with typhoid fever at his winter home in Aiken, S. C., has suffered a relapse and his condition is now reported as alarming. After his grandfather, William Phelps, who was stricken with the same disease, is fast recovering.

THE WHOLE SECRET

Of the Remarkable Success of a Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

A New Remedy Which May Revolutionize the Treatment of Stomach Troubles

Now Placed Before the Public and Bears the Indorsement of Many Leading Physicians and Scientific Men.

This preparation is not a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles, with which nine-tenths of our nation are more or less affected.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets or lozenges containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pills (free from animal impurities), Golden Seal and daisy. They are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many interesting experiments made with these tablets show that they possess remarkable digestive power, and grain the active principle in one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to thoroughly digest two grains of raw eggs, or similar wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cathartics, which simply irritate and lull the intestines without having any effect whatever in curing indigestion.

SPURNED HER AID; GAVE HIS SKIN FOR SON'S SCALP

Mrs. Ballington Booth Extended a Helping Hand to Criminal, but He Called Her a Fakir and Preferred to Beg.

OFFERED HIM EMPLOYMENT.

Posed as a One-Legged Man, When Policeman Discovered the Deception and Arrested Him—Magistrate Crane Lectures Him.

Thomas Britt, with a long record of crime back of him, refused the offer of reformation extended to him by Mrs. Ballington Booth, and this morning was sent to the island for two months for begging.

Seventeenth Loxewhen found him at the corner of Second and Second avenues, sitting on the sidewalk, one leg doubled under him and extending a tin cup, in which passers-by were dropping pennies.

The policeman asked him what was the matter, and Britt said he had a wooden leg and was forced to beg. Loxewhen hit him on the shin of his supposed wooden leg, and the pain was so intense that Britt jumped up and swore at the policeman.

In Prison for Robbery. Britt was released from the Eastern District Penitentiary of Pennsylvania Nov. 25. He had served six years and ten months of a ten-year sentence for highway robbery. While in prison Mrs. Ballington Booth, the Salvation Army leader, visited the place frequently and in Britt she thought she saw a worthy object for reform.

On Nov. 19 she wrote a letter to him, telling him that she would provide a place for him to live in the Home of Hope, in New York, and that her agent would be at the penitentiary to bring him to New York. She had hopes of securing him legitimate employment.

When Britt was released he refused to go with Mrs. Booth's agent, even telling him that Mrs. Booth was a fakir and wanted to profit off his work. Mrs. Booth had supplied him while in prison with spreading matter and had sent him many dollars.

Grilled by Magistrate. In sentencing Britt to the island this morning Magistrate Crane, in the Yorkville Court, said: "You are going to keep my eye on you, and when you are liberated from the workhouse I am going to have you brought before me. Then I shall ask you to go to Mrs. Booth and apologize as humbly as you can, and then if you are not willing to reform, I will give you something which will make you wish you had never seen me. You will have two months in which to think this over."

He present you are an enemy of organized society and you must be treated by all law-abiding people as their enemy. You are a danger to the community in the ranks of the enemy we shall deal with you in a manner befitting your position."

ROBBED DRUNKEN MAN.

Victim Wasn't Too Intoxicated to Paraphrase and Thieves Are Caught.

Arrested for intoxication early to-day, Frank Krause, of No. 379 East Houston street, made a complaint in the Oak street police station against Joseph Bolter, of No. 30 Baxter street, whom he accused of having robbed him of \$11 and some valuable papers.

Krause said that while intoxicated he entered a restaurant in the vicinity of Chatham Square and in paying his bill displayed the contents of his pocket-book. When he left he noticed that he was being followed by two men, who overtook him and after rifling his pockets, fled down the street.

Realizing that he had been robbed, Krause started in pursuit, calling out for help as he ran. Policeman Schultz joined in the chase and at Chatham Square and Court street overhauled the thieves, one of whom managed to wrench himself free from the detaining grasp.

The other pickpocket, who proved to be Bolter, was taken to the police station with his complaint. On him were found the stolen money and papers. The prisoner was held for trial by Magistrate Hogan in Centre Street Court.

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CHRISTMAS JEWELRY

At One-fourth Price. A large stock being sold at one-fourth price. Prices one-fourth less than other stores.

\$15 Ring, \$3.95. Handcuff or Oil Paintings by able masters. See the windows.

CHRISTMAS SILVER. \$5 and \$6 silver pieces cut to \$2.50. Over 300 elegant WATCHEs.

\$15 must be sold at once. Water, some valued at \$100 to \$200 at \$2.95. See the great window displays.

MANHATTAN STORAGE CO. 44 Cortlandt St. Open Even.

CANDY

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY. Glace Figs and Dates, 10c. Assorted Fruit and Nut Chocolates, 15c. SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY. Assorted Chocolate Ice Creams, 10c. Chocolate-Covered Figs and Dates, 15c.

Loft 54 BARCLAY ST. COR. WEST ST. 29 CORTLANDT ST. 20th FLOOR.

PROF. KOCH'S LYMPH INJECTION

AND TUBERCULINE CURES Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption. Prof. Koch, of Berlin, discovered the germ cause of lung troubles and the treatment that destroys it. KOCH'S O-LENE AIR CURE is the only cure for consumption when breathed into the lungs. Sanitarium, 119 West 21st St., corner Barclay's street, or sent to your home for \$10. Don't be deceived by unscrupulous doctors who charge more. FREE examination by Dr. T. J. Dunlop, 119 West 21st St. Call or write to the only place where PROF. KOCH'S LUNG CURE is used in America. DR. KOCH'S SANITARIUM, Incorporated, 119 WEST 21ST ST., next to Ehrlich's Store, N. Y.

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